

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, May 13. 1707.

IT is a thing too common for me to be uneasie at, that while I am arguing and perswading all Men to Peace, they should endeavour to let me have none my self; in this I have the Victory over all the Malice and Railery of the World, that I have a perfect Calm of Peace in my Mind, in Spight of Noise, Clamour, and vile Reproach.

But this is not all; one thing generally happens in all the Storms of Slander and Virulence, that attack the poor Author of this Paper, *viz.* That he has the Honour to be abus'd in very good Company; that whenever I am bully'd, maltreated, and the Sluces of *Billinggate* let fly, the Memory of King *William* must come in, and they must throw their Filth at him, by whom, *under Providence*, if they had Eyes to see their Country's Happiness, all our envy'd

Felicity was begun; *say by whom*, even they themselves enjoy unpunish'd the Liberty of abusing him.

I hope, I may be allow'd to use our Blessed Saviour's Words by Way of Allusion here without Prophaneness, *The Servant is not above his Lord, &c.* — *If they have call'd the Master of the House Belzebub, how much more shall they call them of his Household* — *Fear them not therefore*, Matt. 10. 24, 25, 26.

Indeed I fear them not at all, I am content with all their Railery, and thank GOD for nothing in this Affair more, than that they can do *nothing but rally* and as for me, if pressing to Peace, if shewing the Advantages of the Union, if examining the Follies and Wickedness of its Opposers, if reminding both Nations of their reciprocal Duty upon this great Conjunction, if pointing out the Enemies of this Peace, and
warning

warning all People to beware of them; if *this be to be vile, I shall be yet more vile*; rail on, Gentlemen, the Dirt, you throw flies back in your own Faces, and bears me sufficient Testimony, that the Physick works well, by the *Vomit and Stink* of the Patients.

But what has the Memory of King William to do with this, and why is that concern'd in every scurrilous Reproacher of this Paper?

1. To show the World, who the worthy Gentlemen are, that are the implacable Maligners of this Paper and its Author, tho' some of them would call themselves *Whigs* too.

2. To show what it is pinches them, and from what Principle they act, that what King William begun, and Her present Majesty with Wonders of Success carries on, grates their Spirits, and fills them with Rage and impotent Indignation.

And therefore they fly in the Face of the late King's Memory, and every thing they can rip up in their *noble Speeches*, Poems, Prints, &c. to abuse him, is on all Occasions dress'd up with Forgeries and Fictions, to raise a Cloud, if possible, to eclipse a Glory, which shines too bright for the Eyes of Guilt and Envy to look at.

Thus, like Dogs that bark against the Moon, they curse and look up, they make a Noise and throw Dust; but the beauteous Planet shines on, and suffers no Eclipse from all their Rage; the glorious and immortal Memory of the King will shine to the End of Time, and 'tis the Humour of this mean Author, and, *I shall always esteem it so*, not only to defend it, but to share the Malice of, and declare eternal War with all those that insult his Character.

And now I am challeng'd to attempt the defending the Memory of the late King from the Massacre of *Glenco*, and the Author of a scurrilous Paper, lately directed to me by Way of a Letter, thinks at one Clap, he has both branded the King with Cruelty, and silenc'd the *Review* in his Cause.

Indeed, I shall be effectually silenc'd; I shall have neither Hand to write, nor Heart to dictate, when I cease to defend him against every Slander, and to detect every Calumny, which I meet with, that Malice and Ingratitude can raise against his Name.

I am insulted upon my being in *Scotland*, and upon being sent *thither*, employ'd, &c. That I have boasted, I have made the Union, and the like; Impotent Malice! It's a good Errand, I wish I had been sent, I should then have had better Wages, should have been envy'd for somewhat, and might claim something among the Crowd; and if I was sent, why am I not come back, *now the Work is done*, with all the rest, who, with like Truth, have been charg'd to receive the Reward.

If I have done any thing in this Blessed healing Conjunction, I have done but my Duty, and her Majesty's Speech entitles me to hope, it shall not be spoken hereafter to my Dishonour; but I am glad among all the Occasions I have of being in *Scotland*, that I am nearer the Truth of this mighty Affair of *Glenco*, than before, at this Time, when I am call'd upon to examine it.

And tho' I am prepar'd, and was before this, to lay that Story open to the World, in the History I am drawing up of this Union, and may very well refer my Reader thither, which I hope shall not be long before it be publish'd, yet I must say a Word or two of it here.

The Story of *Glenco* is known, I need not repeat it. That in a cold Blood, and in a too barbarous Manner the People were destroy'd by a Detachment of Soldiers from the Garrison of . . .

The King is reproach'd with this, as done by his Commission; and afterwards in not punishing the Murderers to show he disapprov'd the Manner.

I need not inform the Reader, that the People thus destroy'd were not only known and profess'd Enemies to the Government, but had been actually in Arms against the King; and tho' several Excuses and Pretences were made about coming in and laying down Arms, had really not done it. And that so, if no otherwise, the Execution was literally, and according to the Laws of War, just, and what has been practis'd on all Occasion.

I need not tell you, that when his Majesty was frequently told, that these People were known and notorious Thieves, and deserv'd to be entirely rooted out, for the Safety

ty and Quiet of the Country, tho' there had been no War, and that they were also in open Rebellion, and the Government would never be at Ease, till they were made Examples of; yet His Majesty could never be prevail'd with to give Way to any military Execution, till by a Proclamation of Pardon, Time was given them to come in, which all the several Clans of Monsters, that had stood out against the Peace of the Government at that time did, but these did not; sending Letters of Excuses and frivolous Delays, craving Time, and promising to come in.

These things by the Rules of War in all Ages would go far to justify, even the worst Part of the Manner of the Execution that follow'd, since the Officers, who had their Orders, even in the Nature of the thing, had no more to do, after the Time of Mercy given by a Gracious Proclamation was expir'd, than to follow the Letter of the Law in all the Surprizes and Slaughters of a military Execution.

But after all, this does not relate to the King at all, whose Orders were expressly prov'd to be to give them Time to come in, before any Execution was made, which Time they lapsed and let pass, and no Prince, but one so merciful as the King, would have given them that.

If the Execution of these Orders were mix'd by the Actors, with either Cruelty, Stratagem, Pretences of Peace, private Revenge, or any of the Excesses of War; the King is not at all concern'd *in it*, tho' I have the Honour to know, his Majesty was very much concern'd *at it*: Cruelty was not his Temper, nor Blood at all his Inclination; His Majesty gave infinite Testimonies of the contrary in the Extreme, and infinite Proofs of the Clemency of his Nature remain among us, some of which are the very Wretches that ingratelously reproach him.

In the very Command he gave, wherein was express'd, not to execute Justice on them, till Mercy had been offer'd, he determines this thing, and is no more concern'd in the rest, than David was in the Death of *Abner*.

But why did he not punish, &c. This is the last Question, and this they think will

reach the King; in which they will be mistaken too.

Why did not David punish *Joab* for his bloody killing the young Rebel against his express Command, or much rather for his barbarous Assassination of *Abner*, under the Treachery of a pretended Salute? — Why, but because those Sons of *Zeruiab* were too hard for him. — This good King had too many of this Family of *Zeruiab* always about him, to work upon the Clemency of his Disposition, to spare those that equally deserv'd his Justice; and this, had there been nothing else, might have excus'd him.

But that is not the Case here at all; for, *lastly*, what do you mean, Gentlemen, by the King punishing them? Know you not, that the Kings of this Country punish no Body? 'tis the Law condemns, and the Law punishes, the King only executes or administers: Now, *who are the Persons*, that having been condemn'd by the Law for this Fact, were screen'd from Justice by the King? *Who* has his Majesty pardon'd for the Murther, or what *Noli Prosequi* has been granted for them? If they were guilty of the Blood and Massacre you talk of, why have not you that complain, prosecuted, indicted, and brought them to Justice? Any Man may pursue a Murtherer even to the Gallows, without asking leave of the King; and if this was not done, you can have nothing to say to the King.

Besides all this, I must tell you, I have been told, that the Guilt of those, who had any Design in this Massacre, as it lay chiefly where it is not suppos'd, so it lay so, that the Law could not reach it; and tho' the King was troubled at the Manner of Execution, yet it does not appear, that either by Law of War, or the Laws of the Land, any could be touch'd, but the immediate Actor who fled from Justice.

Besides, his Majesty remitted it frankly to the Parliament to examine into it, and to punish the Offenders, if the Law would reach them, as appears by the Parliament's Letter of Thanks on that Occasion; and if it did not reach them, the Blame of not punishing could not lie on the King.

'Tis true, there were personal Complaints, but his Majesty saw so much of private Pique,